

division between El Paso and New Or. everything else having been tried, the dilemma resulting would be duplicated on

"We must have been doing at least seventy miles an hour, when, out of the darkness, there came something white. I thought it might be only a freak of my fancy, until I saw it running along with the train, keeping right up with the engine. Then I thought it must be a cloud, but a creepy chill went up my spine. Suddenly the white thing dashed onto the tracks, and in the glare of the head-

Such is the superstition of trainmen. It makes no difference what the materialists may argue to prove the non-existence of ghosts, engineers cling to the belief that it portends danger to see an object, so described, on the track ahead of their trains. A will-o'-the-wisp is similarly an unlucky omen, and a cat crossing the track ahead of an engine in motion is regarded as a certain sign of disaster. It usually means disaster—to the cat. Black cats are an especial aversion to the trainmen, and even when the train is standing it gives some engineers a chill to see such an animal cross the track.

During a thunder storm the lightning

house there emerged a huge locomotive, resplendent in shining paint and burnished metal.

"That's the new one," observed the wiper. "Ain't she a beauty?"

"The new one?" gasped Bob. "Why, this—this is Friday!" And his cheeks went white under their coat of tan. "That engine is going to come to an untimely end," he added. "I remember a master mechanic some years ago who thought there was nothing in Friday being unlucky, and he scoffed, too, at thirteen."

"Well, one Friday he sent a new engine out on the rails, and for spite he num-

Your railroad man, despite his essential common sense in other respects, almost invariably is a fatalist, and, aside from the professional gambler and the sailor, the most superstitious man in the world. To the railroad man, death is commonplace; accident and injury all in a day's work and in the line of duty. Contempt of death is bred by familiarity and the never-ending risk of life and limb. Only a few months ago a train plunged into a river. In the mail car were three men, one of whom was to be served with a writ of habeas corpus. The traditions. These two were killed instantly and horribly mangled, but the veteran clerk, who stood but a few feet from them, escaped almost without a scratch.

freed, he alighted at the next station, spreading illness, and returned to his home. An hour later the train on which he had been working was wrecked.

There are few, if any, departments in the great transportation industry of the country whose members are not governed by their superstitions. There is no man a conductor who never starts on a trip without a flower in his buttonhole.

A story is related of one man on the Southern who for more than twenty-five years has worn a red rose every morning, in season and out of season, as a protection against accident. It is remarkable

one who has been killed in less than three days after the accident. A left-handed engineer has his own share of trouble among his fellows, many of whom

on."

light I saw my wife. Yes, sir, saw my frequently dances along the steel track bered it thirteen. First, he had trouble How it happened he could not tell, save that during all of this long period his dread him so much that they refuse to

These and many other superstitions, which they must add to the mental unrest of the trainmen, contribute to the excitement of an exciting life.

**The Tune Kermit Whistled.**

From the Cleveland Leader.

Mr. W. W. Miller, a well known lawyer of Philadelphia, tells an anecdote of Kermit Roosevelt, the President's son.

"He was acting as steward," says Mr. Miller, "on the gymnastical races at the Madison Square Garden, and one of the events was a race in which the contestants had to ride a given distance to a certain spot, where a equal number of young ladies stood with pencil, paper and envelope. Each rider had to dismount here and whistle a tune, the lady writing its name down on the envelope and handing it to the rider, who remounted and finished the race, delivering the envelope to the ladies' stand. The first one in with a correct answer won the event."

"As steward, I was identified before the race to write down the name of the tune each entrant would whistle."

"What are you going to whistle?" I asked young Kermit.

"I'm going to whistle, 'Everybody Works But Father,'" said the President's son."